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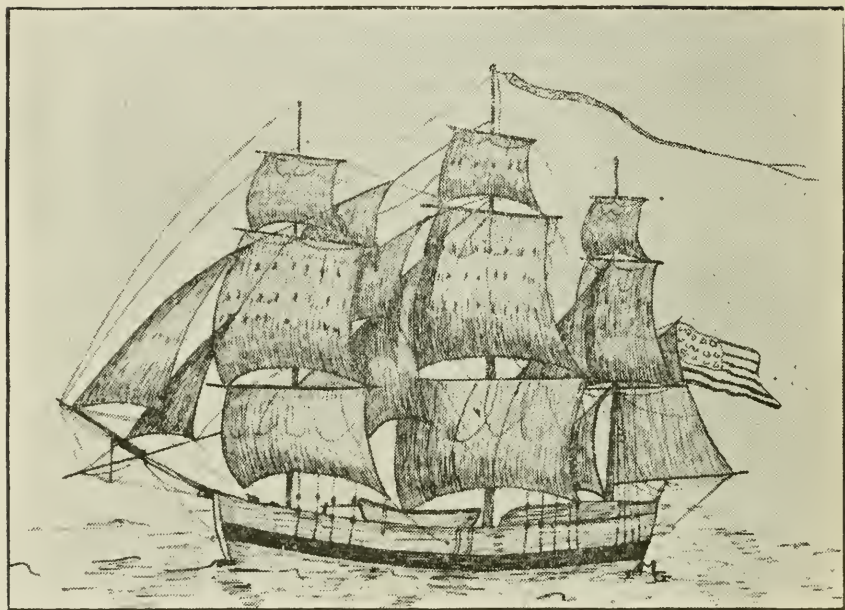
**PROCEEDINGS OF THE  
WISCASSET FIRE SOCIETY.**

**FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH  
QUARTERLY MEETING, JULY 25, 1907.**





FOR THE  
WISCASSET FIRE SOCIETY  
25 July, 1907.



Ship "WISCASSET," of Wiscasset  
First owners, David Silvester, Esq., and David Silvester, Jr.  
Last owner, John Anderson.  
Built at Bristol, 1791; "vessel lost," 1800.

PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH  
QUARTERLY MEETING  
OF THE  
Wiscasset Fire Society



WISCASSET, MAINE.  
Reprinted from THE SHEEPSKOT ECHO.

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## Wiscasset Fire Society.

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### The Four Hundred and Twenty- Seventh Quarterly Meeting.

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Held at The Albee—Entertained by Henry E.  
Scott.

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The four hundred and twenty-seventh quarterly meeting of the Wiscasset Fire Society was held on the evening of July 25th. The members of the Society and guests assembled at the house of Mr. Henry E. Scott, High street, where Prof. Scott, the host of the evening, was chosen moderator. After the business of the meeting was completed all answered the bugle call and repaired to The Albee, where a most excellent supper was served. Those seated at the tables were: E. Fred Albee, Thomas M. Babson, Bernard A. Bailey, James E. Ballard, Arthur L. Berry, Thomas Bowman, Ezra B. Carr, Walter G. Chase, John C. Grant, Elias G. Hedge, Horace E. Henderson, George P. F. Hobson, William G. Hubbard, Charles E. Knight, Alfred H. Lennox, Frank R. Meadowcroft, William D. Patterson, Winfield S. Peaslee, Clarence A. Richards, Frederick W. Sewall, Charles S. Sewall, Henry E. Scott, Harold E. Smith, Richard H. T. Taylor, William Taylor, Joseph P. Tucker and Jesse White.

At a fitting moment the attention of the Society was asked by the Moderator, who said:

*Gentlemen:* I have a confession to make. I have lost my speech, or rather the materials of which it was to be composed. What I have here in my hand is not the speech but the confession. It all happened in this way. Last summer, after we had met as the guests of Mr. Henderson, I began to think that it would probably be my privilege to act as host at the meeting this summer: and, bearing in mind the fact that it would be incumbent upon me in that case to say something by way of promoting a generous rivalry among the orators of the evening, I determined to jot down in writing from day to day whatever I came across that seemed likely to be edifying or inspiring or mirth-provoking on such an occasion as this. The result was that I soon had a choice collection of venerable bits of wit and wisdom, each on its own separate piece of paper, that they might the more easily be arranged as circumstances might demand. They were all carefully deposited in a corner of my study, on the floor. But one day I came home and found to my dismay that not a wind but a broom had swept through the cave of the Sibyl. The jokes of centuries had been hustled into the ash barrel and dumped from the barrel into the city cart. With all speed I hurried to the field where I knew that the city scavengers were in the habit of dumping their booty. Too late! A miserable, melancholy goat was just struggling to swallow the last of my humorous fragments. And then he walked slowly away to a remote part of the field, smiled a sickly smile, lay down and died.

And so it happens that others must make the speeches and tell the stories

to-nlght. I stand here chiefly to express my pleasure at seeing so many of the members of the Society present this evening. I bid you all welcome, and you, I am sure, will join with me in extending a cordial welcome to our guests, both those who claim Wiscasset as their native town and those who in mature years have yielded to its charms and have come to dwell among us. It is in the power of most of you to attend all the quarterly meetings of the Society; through the darkest months of winter you hold aloft the torch of good fellowship, you plan and talk and vote for the best interests of the Society and of the Town. You impose fines on yourselves because you are present and speak; you impose fines on the rest of us because we are not present and do not speak. And we for whom this summer meeting is the only one in the year, we must atone to the resident members for our enforced absence from the other meetings by giving vent, if it be possible, to four times as much pent-up enthusiasm and loyalty and love for the old town which is the mother or foster-mother of us all.

Since our meeting of last summer, one of our number, oldest in years, I believe, although not in length of membership, has passed away. Dr. Savage died early in the fall, and the Society at its next meeting took appropriate action to show its regard for his memory and its sympathy with his surviving relatives. Another member of many years' standing, who removed from the town a few years ago, has withdrawn from the Society; but the family name he bore is still represented among us in the person of his brother, who was

elected last autumn. We miss also to-night the genial presence of some active members whom we have met here in recent summers and whom distance or imperative duty keep from us to-night. May they remember us to-night as we remember them, may they drink to our health as we now drink to theirs!

First and foremost in our thoughts to-night are the Town of Wiscasset and this Society, founded in the olden days, to which it is our good fortune to belong. The Town seems to be looking up. Each year she blooms forth in fresh beauty and loveliness. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." In the air is a harbinger of greater prosperity. The fame of the town is spreading. Only last fall, at a dinner which I had the pleasure of attending in Boston, one of the speakers made this town the subject of one of his stories. I jotted this down after the dump cart had been around. Mr. Samuel J. Elder, one of the leading lawyers of Boston, referring to a statement by one of the guests at the banquet who had said that he owed his invitation to be present to his connection with the Church. Mr. Elder declared that that reminded him of a story which he heard from one of the judges of the supreme court of Maine, a story of which the scene was laid in the town of Wiscasset. As the story as told by Mr. Elder did not harmonize entirely with the topography of Wiscasset, I shall, with your permission, submit his version to some revision, and insert a little bit of local coloring of my own.

One afternoon, so the story goes, two commercial travellers came to

Wiscasset and going to the hotel, where they had often obtained rooms on previous trips, asked for accommodations. "I'm awfully sorry, boys," said the landlord, "but there isn't a room to be had. There is a political convention going on here, and every room is taken." "But you must find a place for us somewhere," said they. "Can't you give us a cot in the parlor?" "Every cot is taken," was the reply. "Then can't you find us a room outside, and we will come here for our meals?" "Not a room to be had in this whole town," was the landlord's answer. "Well, you have got to do something for us," said the travellers. "We can't go anywhere else to-night. We come here every year, and you ought to look out for your old friends." "Well, boys," said the landlord, after some reflection, "you go in to supper, and when it gets to be bedtime, I'll fix you up somehow." So the men got their supper, and sat around in the office during the evening, and when they grew sleepy, they went to the desk and told the landlord that they reckoned that it was about time to turn in. "Just wait a minute," said he, as he went out into the hall and disappeared for a while. Soon he returned, equipped with a lantern and armed with a key of prodigious size. "Come on, boys," said he, and they followed him out into the dark, gloomy night. Up the street he led them, across the Common, up to the portals of the large, white church. He unlocked the inner door, and they followed him into the building. The pews, as the lantern which the landlord carried allowed them to observe, were closed by doors, swinging on hinges and fastened to by brass but-

tons. And in two of these pews they found blankets and pillows, and were soon able to make themselves very comfortable for the night. "Now, boys," said the landlord, as he was about to leave them, "whatever you do, do not make the slightest noise. Keep quiet about this. Do not let this get out. And," as he handed them a tempting-looking flask, "here is something to keep you from taking cold. Good night." The landlord went back to the hotel, and went to bed, and went to sleep, and slept the sleep of a just and upright man. Soon came "midnight's holy hour, and silence now was brooding like a gentle spirit, o'er the still and pulseless world." When suddenly, on the still air of night, the Paul Revere bell clanged out its alarum note, "like a fire-bell in the night," as Jefferson said of the slavery dispute about the time of the Missouri Compromise. The landlord sprang from his couch and hurried towards the church. As he ran up the street, a window in a nearby house was thrown up, and a woman's head was thrust forth. "Fire! fire!" she shouted. A man came running up from a cross street, yelling "Fire! fire! Where is the fire?" The members of the Wiscasset Fire Society roused themselves from their slumbers, girded themselves for the street, took down their buckets, and bags, and bedkeys, and sallied forth on their errand of mercy. And all the while the clang, clang of the Paul Revere bell pealed forth over the now thoroughly awakened town.

The landlord was the first to reach the church. Rushing into the vestibule, he found his two guests pulling in a half-hearted way at the great bell rope. "For Heaven's sakes, boys," he

cried, "what are you up to? What in the world are you ringing that bell for?" "Just ringing for some more cock-tails," was the somewhat incoherent, though ready, reply.

It is not for me, gentlemen, to determine either the time or the actors in this story. If the story is false, let us brand it as such. If it is true, undoubtedly Mr. Patterson will find some trace of it in the history and traditions of this town, with which he is so familiar. Let us drink to the Town of Wiscasset and to the Fire Society, and we shall hear from Mr. Patterson on one or both of these topics.

Mr. Patterson responded as follows:

*Mr. Moderator:* The town and the Society. Truly 'tis an honor that you have conferred upon me in allotting to me this agreeable duty. I thank you.

*Members of the Fire Society:* The Town and the Society sometimes appear to me to be so closely identified that I trust we are willing to risk being looked upon as a mutual admiration society if we sometimes assume our organization to be of some importance in the town. It certainly seems as if it were so to-night. I well remember with what admiration I regarded the act of the Society, when upon motion of the late Capt. Joseph Tucker, it caused to be set out for the adornment of our streets one hundred shade trees,—an example of public spirit still to be found among its members, a spirit that I trust may never die.

*Guests of the Evening:* The Town and Society welcomes you most heartily, and I cannot find words to adequately express the pleasure and honor that crowd upon us as we take each

of you by the hand again. I believe that you will find much to interest you and make pleasant your stay in the old town whose streets and houses are so well-known to some of you and whose landmarks of a former day and generation must be dear to you. The ancient Paul Revere Bell, faithful monitor of the steady, ceaseless lapse of time continues, with the aid of the fine new town clock, to mark the passing hours, while above it still swings the old meeting house vane, also a product of the famous Revere foundry, and truthfully indicates the direction of the wind as it has done for upwards of a century of time.

And again, a welcome from the heart from all to you all.

You know the origin and purpose of this Society, formed for "mutual safety, protection and benefit," and "to aid in the prevention and extinguishment of fires in the town of Wiscasset,"—duties still incumbent upon its members. It has also become a duty of the Society to aid in the preservation of the memories of the past. In a recent call at the *Times'* office in Bath I was shown the sheets of a book compiled in connection with the approaching celebration there of the tercentenary of the beginning of ship-building in the Kennebec region. The book so prepared is to contain something of the history of that important industry, and particularly of its connection with Bath. Were a like work to be undertaken for Wiscasset what a store of fact and story would be available. We might recall the story of the old ship "Stirling," built on this river in the year 1805, famous not only as one of the most profitable of Wiscasset ships of her day but as being

so connected with the early days of Fenimore Cooper as that her name will be remembered as long as the incidents of his life shall be of interest to the many readers of his works,—for it was on board the “Stirling,” 274 tons, that Cooper, when a lad, had his first experience as a sailor, under her youthful commander and part owner, John Johnston, Jr., familiarly known as “Captain Jack,”—a story that has been graphically told by Captain Johnston’s nephew, the late Alexander Johnston. We might mention her successor, the new ship “Stirling,” built in 1834 and also first commanded by Captain Johnston, and of the terrible ten weeks of small pox suffered by her company during a voyage under command of Capt. R. H. Tucker, senior; and the “Tamerlane,” built in 1824 and launched on a Friday, whose name appeared on the list of merchant vessels until the year 1891. We might tell of the Carlton fleet, of the Wood fleets, of the ships of Bryson and Birrell, Nickels and Miller and McCrate and Elwell and Boyd, Cook, Hodge and many others. Much of historic and romantic interest centers in those days of the port’s commercial importance and in those stories of adventure, of heroism, of prosperity and of suffering which have come down to us from that time, cherished by a few, whose voices are now stilled by death, who were ever ready, in the leisure and quiet of their firesides, to relate them to those of a younger generation.

And in this connection I trust that it may be of interest if I present to you something of the history of two Wiscasset ships, both of which were named in honor of our town, and I do so at this time and place so as that the

material constituting such history may be available for its preservation.

The Wiscasset Custom House records show that there have been two ships named "Wiscasset." The first, a double decked vessel of 161 90·95ths tons, 72 feet long with a breadth of 23 feet and depth of 11 feet and 6 inches, was built at Bristol in this County in the year 1791, and her first register was issued May 10, 1791, and signed by Francis Cook, whose name is fourth on the list of the founders of this Society, and who was then serving the first term as Collector of the District of Wiscasset to which he was commissioned by President Washington. That ship was owned by David Silvester, Esq., and his son David, who were then well-known citizens of this town, and whose home was the substantial mansion which Joshua Silvester, another son of Squire Silvester, sold in 1806 to Thomas McCrate, by whose descendants it was occupied at the time of its destruction by fire in 1866.

David Silvester was born here May 31, 1742. He was a son of Joshua and Mary Silvester, and a descendant of Richard Silvester who made application to become a freeman and was a resident at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1630. The family, in which David was the oldest son, lived in the fort at Wiscasset during two wars in the early perils of frontier life here, and his youngest sister, Rachel, was born in the fort. He was for many years an active and industrious business man and become one of the most trusted and influential citizens of the town, and every movement in aid of the advancement of the interests of this locality received his hearty support. He was for many years a selectman and

a town clerk of this town, and for several terms he represented the town in the General Court of Massachusetts. He was one of the delegates from this town in the Constitutional Convention held at Boston in 1788 to consider and decide upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and he voted for its adoption by Massachusetts. In 1785, in association with Moses Davis, he was licensed to keep a ferry between Wiscasset and Edgecomb. Under a charter granted 22nd June 1793, he was one of the original proprietors of the toll bridge at the locality now called Sheepscot, owning one-third of the same. Directly in front of his residence and on the water side of the street were located his wharf and dock, to and from which his vessels arrived and sailed and where his cargoes were laden and unladen. His ship "Wiscasset," like other Wiscasset ships, was engaged in the then flourishing trade between this port and those of Great Britain. After the decease of Squire Silvester, as he is known to this day, the "Wiscasset" was managed by his executors, one of whom was his son David, until 1799, when she was purchased by John Anderson. There has recently come into my hands a picture of the "Wiscasset," copies of which I now have the pleasure of presenting to you. The original of this picture appears on a Liverpool pitcher, so called, which is said to be in the possession of a lady who resides in Groton, Massachusetts. I do not know of an earlier picture of a Wiscasset ship.

The last voyage of the "Wiscasset" was during the period of the French spoliation of American vessels and commerce. A letter written by An-

derson in April, 1799, and addressed to the house of Anderson, Child & Child, of Liverpool, states that he had recently purchased the ship "Wiscasset", and he desired that her cargo and freight from Wiscasset to Liverpool be insured for £1,000, in order that Anderson, Child & Child might have security for sums due them in case the ship should "be taken". The ship sailed on or about the first of the following June with a cargo of oak, pine and maple logs and pine plank, which sold for £1,072:13:3. Her return cargo consisted of 6,400 bushels of white salt and twelve tons of coals, the bill of lading of which, signed at Liverpool August 7. 1799, gives the destination of the vessel as Boston. Her last register, issued May 22, 1799, at which time Capt. John Stinson was master, was surrendered at Wiscasset June 9, 1800, and the end of her history is disclosed by two words found at the bottom of the record: "Vessel lost."

John Anderson, her last owner, was an immigrant from Castle William, County Down, Ireland, and at the time he became the owner of the "Wiscasset" he was one of the leading ship-owners of this town. He was a member this Society from 1801 till his death in 1810. Of his seven sons, one, Hugh Johnston, was Governor of Maine in 1844. Many can even now recall the appearance of Anderson's "great store", as it was originally called, which stood on the land now occupied by Lincoln Block. The Anderson building with its oddly constructed doors, the upper half being glazed and swinging independently of the lower half, and many paned windows, was an interesting specimen of the mercantile structures of his day.

The house of Anderson, Child & Child had several correspondents at Wiscasset, and so large were its transactions with our merchants that two of its members, Roylance Child and Baddely Child, resided for some years at Wiscasset in the interest of their firm. Another member of the Child family was a familiar figure here for several years, and here he married the beautiful Elizabeth Parsons, daughter of Timothy Parsons and niece of Squire Silvester.

When Richard Mather came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1635 he saw off the coast "mighty whales spewing up water in the air like the smoke of a chimney \* \* \* of such incredible bigness that I will never wonder that the body of Jonah could be in the belly of a whale". The creatures so noted by Mather had been known to earlier visitors to our coast, and the famous Captain John Smith, who explored this coast in 1614, had in contemplation the whale fishery at and from Monhegan Island. Such fishery was carried on from an early date in the history of New England, and during many years a large number of vessels sailed from Nantucket, New Bedford, New London and other ports north of New York in pursuit of the sperm whale. The golden age of the whale fishing business is said to have been in the years from 1835 to 1846, and in the latter years the tonnage so engaged was 233,262.

Some knowledge of the extent to which residents of this community participated in that important and adventurous enterprise has been gleaned from files of local newspapers and public and private documents. And so it is found that the next ship

to be known as the "Wiscasset", so far as shown by the records, was the only vessel to sail from this port to engage in the Pacific whale fishery.

The issue of the *Intelligencer* of Nov. 23, 1832, published in Wiscasset, contains a short article calling attention to the opportunity afforded by the whale fishery for the profitable employment of men and capital; and that of May 3, 1833, contains another article upon the same subject and recommends that the business men of Wiscasset turn their attention thereto. In a subsequent issue of the same paper the subscribers to the Whale Company were notified to "meet at John Brooks' compting room", on the 19th of August, 1833, at 3 o'clock p. m.; and in the issue of Nov. 1, 1833, is found notice of an assessment of 50 per cent of the subscriptions, from which it would appear that the influence of the local press had probably, to some extent, led to the beginning of the enterprise.

In the year 1833 Messrs. William and John Hiscock built at their shipyard in the vicinity of the shell heaps on the eastern bank of the Damariscotta River a staunch vessel of 380 18-95ths tons, as appears by a copy of her register preserved in the Wiscasset custom house. That vessel was launched in October and was soon sold to Messrs. Wilmot Wood, Patrick Lenox and William Stacy. She was brought to this port by Capt. William Vincent, rigger, under jury masts and borrowed sails, safely rounding Linnekin's Neck and Gangway Ledge and so up through Townsend Gut and Muscle Ridge Channel (only 70 feet wide) and by Sweat's Island Channel out into the main river and so to Wis-

casset, where she arrived at 3 p. m. on the 29th of November, safe to her wharf. The wharves were lined with people to see her come. That was a great day in Wiscasset! It had been determined that the name of the ship should be "Wiscasset." The purchasers were evidently a committee of the subscribers to the whale fishing company, for by a document in clerkly handwriting of the late Nathaniel Coffin, Esq., it is found that

At a Meeting of the Wiscasset Whale Fishing Company holden at the office of Wilmot Wood, in Wiscasset on the eighteenth day of March A. D. 1834—

Voted that this company will purchase, at the present cost and charges, of Wilmot Wood, Patrick Lenox and William Stacy the new ship called the Wiscasset, built by the Mess. Hiscocks of about 380 tons burthen and now lying at Parsons' wharf in Wiscasset, together with all her tackle and apparel, and all other things contracted for on account of said vessel, or in anyway belonging to her; together also with all contracts made with them or any of their agents for benefit of the owners, and also with all books, papers, monies and credits belonging to them or under their control as owners of the ship, in whoseever hands and possession the same may be, and that Wm. M. Boyd, John Brooks and Nathaniel Coffin be a committee to procure and receive a legal conveyance of the same to this company.

Voted that in consideration of a legal transfer to this company, by the said owners, of the said ship and all things belonging to her as above specified, this company will, and does hereby agree to assume upon itself all the liabilities of the said Wood, Lenox and Stacy, on account of the said ship and outfits and to save them harmless from all their contracts on account of the

same, and also to pay or take up and receive as cash in payment for stock in this corporation, all certificates of payments for stock in said ship, which have already been given by said owners on their Treasurer or Factor—And the Treasurer of this corporation is hereby ordered and directed to make payment accordingly—

Attest

(signed) WM. M. BOYD, President,  
“ WILMOT WOOD, Secretary—

And on the back of this document is found an endorsement as follows:—

Memorandum, by virtue of the within authority we have this day received, a legal conveyance by deed from the said Wood, Lenox and Stacy, of the ship Wiscasset and all things belonging to the same as herein specified—  
March 18, 1834

|                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| WM. M. BOYD,   | } Committee. |
| JOHN BROOKS,   |              |
| NATH'L COFFIN, |              |

The Wiscasset Whale Fishing Company was a corporation organized under a charter granted by the Legislature of Maine, to John Brooks, William M. Boyd, Jotham Parsons, Nathaniel Coffin, William Stacy, Wilmot Wood, Barker Neal, Patrick Lenox and Joshua Damon, all of Wiscasset, and John Chase and Gardiner Gove, both of Edgecomb, their associates and successors, “for the purpose of carrying on the Whale Fishing at and from Wiscasset,” with power to “purchase and hold any estate real or personal for the objects of their association to an amount not exceeding at any one time in the whole, the value of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars.” This charter was approved February 22, 1834.

Such inquiry as has been made therefor has failed to bring to light the records and papers of the corpor-

ation so created. Possibly they may be mouldering in some old chest in stable loft or attic in this village. From the town assessment books for 1834 it is found that the shareholders then residing in Wiscasset were

|                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Boyd, William M.   | 15 shares       |
| Brooks, John       | 10              |
| Clark, Franklin    |                 |
| Cutter, Ezekiel    | 2               |
| Coffin, Nathaniel  | 15              |
| Damon, Joshua      | 3               |
| Lincoln, Isaac     | 2               |
| Lee, Tempe         | 7               |
| Lenox, Patrick     | 18              |
| Miller, Hannah     | 10              |
| Neal, Barker       | 12              |
| Nichols, Octavia   | 4               |
| Parsons, Jotham    | 12              |
| Rice, Warren       | 1               |
| Stacy, William     | 11              |
| Taylor, Elisha J.  | 1               |
| Theobald, Philip E | 2               |
| Wood, Abiel        | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Wood, Wilmot       | 5               |
| Wade, Richard H.   |                 |

From an advertisement for twenty seamen and green hands, also a blacksmith, in the columns of the *Intelligencer*, March 7, 1834, it appears that Jotham Parsons was the agent of the new first rate whale ship "Wiscasset" bound from Wiscasset to the Pacific Ocean, and a news item states that the boats and casks for the voyage had been received from New Bedford. The fitting of the ship was soon thereafter completed and, manned by men from Wiscasset and vicinity and commanded by Capt. Richard Macy, an experienced whale fisherman, formerly of Nantucket, she sailed upon her maiden cruise in May. Of the log of this voyage no trace has been found, and of the tidings which the

owners and the relatives of members of the ship's company may have received during the absence of the ship conjecture only can be made.

The results of the voyage are stated in the following news item found in the columns of the *Lincoln Patriot*, printed at Waldoboro, Friday, Sept. 15, 1837.

By a letter from a gentleman in Wiscasset, we learn that the Whale Ship "Wiscasset," Capt. Macy, arrived at that port on Monday morning last, after a passage of 120 days from the coast of New Zealand, with 2800 barrels of Sperm Oil and 80 barrels of White Whale Oil. The Wiscasset has been absent about 40 months.

Thus it appears that this highly successful voyage, terminated on the 11th day of September, 1837.

The arrival of the ship was the occasion of much bell-ringing and rocket-firing, and all of the inhabitants of the village were awakened by the general jollification, which was such that nobody slept in Wiscasset that night. The returns of the voyage are said to have been sufficient to clear the ship of its entire cost and all its bills.

On the 20th of September, Wilmot Wood, the secretary, notified the stockholders to meet at his office in Wiscasset on the sixth of October for the transaction of business of much importance to the company, and all the stockholders were requested to attend personally or by proxy.

The *Patriot* noticed the sailing of the ship upon her second voyage as follows:

Wiscasset, Jan. 27th, 1838. Sailed the Whale Ship "Wiscasset," Seth B. Horton, master, for the Pacific Ocean.

The fruits of her second voyage

were entered at the Wiscasset Custom House on the 22nd of July, 1841, as 900 barrels sperm oil, 1200 barrels whale oil, 17,000 pounds of whale bone, 6517 dollars and 150 pounds of coffee. It is believed that Wiscasset's connection with the Pacific whale fishery is confined to the two voyages of the ship "Wiscasset."

It is well known in Wiscasset that Mr. Nathaniel Lincoln has preserved a very interesting souvenir of the first voyage of the Wiscasset whaling ship, it being a tooth taken from a big sperm whale which was captured by the ship's crew in latitude 30 degrees 30 minutes S, longitude 177 degrees 30 minutes W, and which yielded ninety barrels of oil. The tooth has upon it drawings of two scenes in which the ship figures: one shows the ship in the vicinity of a school of whales with her crew in boats engaged in the capture; the other is a view at the mouth of the Sheepscot River with the ship off Hendricks' Head light, homeward bound.

The *Lewiston Journal* of February 20, 1902, contains a valuable illustrated article, written by the late Rufus King Sewall, Esq., in which mention is made of many of the facts connected with this ship and the relic of her first voyage now owned by Mr. Lincoln. The wide spread publicity given to the salient facts mentioned in Mr. Sewall's article, by publication in newspapers in different parts of the country, has brought out mention of the existence of two other relics of the monstrous whale captured in the first voyage of the whaleship "Wiscasset" as above related, each of which is a tooth of the whale and each of which bears drawings similar to those on the tooth in

the possession of Mr. Lincoln. One such relic is said to be treasured by Mrs. J. P. Gould, of Bangor, a daughter of the late William M. B. Hubbard, of Wiscasset, whose brother, G. W. Hubbard, was a member of the crew of the "Wiscasset" in the voyage of 1834-7. The drawings on these relics of the deep appear to have been first cut into the surface with a sharp instrument, and afterwards every scratch of the cutting was filled with India ink. The tooth which Mr. Lincoln has bears the name of the sailor by whom the drawing is said to have been done, S. Svenson, a Swede, who was an apprentice boy to the late Capt. Isaac Lincoln, of Wiscasset, of whom Mr. Lincoln is a son. A jaw bone of the great whale was for a long time an object of curiosity at the Whaleship Wharf where it remained for a long time. It is now in the possession of Bowdoin College and may be seen by visitors to the Cleveland Museum.

The Wiscasset Whale Fishing Company appears to have gone out of business soon after the termination of the second voyage of its ship "Wiscasset", which was sold to a whaling firm located at Sag Harbor, Long Island, New York. Through the courtesy of Mr. Lennox, our associate, I have been in correspondence with Mr. Charles Philip Cook, of Sag Harbor, a nephew of Col. Samuel Huntington, who was a member of the firm to whom the "Wiscasset" was sold. Mr. Cook has examined the Sag Harbor Custom House records, by which it appears that the ship "Wiscasset" cleared from that port on the 6th of December, 1841, under command of Capt. Sylvester P. Smith, and that the voyage lasted two years and six months and

yielded 250 barrels of sperm, 2600 barrels of whale oil and 2700 pounds of bone worth at current rates \$48,000; that on the 27th of September, 1844, she again sailed from Sag Harbor; that the second voyage was to the North West Coast under command of Captain Payne and that from that voyage she brought in a cargo of oil and bone on the 19th of February, 1847, worth \$51,000. The *Sag Harbor Corrector*, under date of 20th instant, prints the records there found and states that further "the records have very little to say about the 'Wiscasset', than that the vessel was then withdrawn from the fishery, and sold away to engage in the merchant marine".

Although much has been printed about the whaling ship "Wiscasset," Mr. Sewall was the first to particularly mention her in connection with the early life of Andrew Carnegie, who in the year 1848 came with his father's family in that vessel from Great Britain to America. A few years ago a copy-seeking newspaper man in Maine sent to Mr. Carnegie a picture of the ship, copied from one of those herein described. In acknowledging receipt of the picture Mr. Carnegie's private secretary, wrote from Skibo Castle, Ardgay, N. B., over date of June 3, 1902,

"Mr. Carnegie thanks you sincerely for sending him a picture of the Wiscasset, which is no doubt the bark in which his parents sailed with himself and his brother, in 1848. He remembers the master was Capt. Long, and there was a sailor on board who was a great favorite, called Barryman. Mr. Carnegie has often said if he could find him he would like to be of service. He became a little sailor and was sorry to leave the ship after seven weeks upon it."

The New York *Sun* printed the letter here quoted in its issue of June 26, 1902, and the editor in commenting thereon states that its "chief value is its proof that Andrew Carnegie has a warm heart in his breast and a tender memory that time and riches have not dulled".

Thus ends, so far as it has been recovered, the story of the famous and successful whaling ship "Wiscasset." She, like the first ship of her name, was an example of how closely the members of this society have ever been identified with the important interests of this community, nine of the stockholders and the managers of the Whale Fishing Company having been members of the Fire Society. May we continue to have the interests of the old town at heart!

(Song:—"Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.")

*The Moderator.*

For the Wiscasset Fire Society the mid-summer meeting has become a sort of Old Home Week celebration; and it is one of our pleasures, at these meetings, to greet as our guests sons of Wiscasset who have gone out from here to other scenes of activity, and have shown the country what Wiscasset boys can do and be. The old philosopher and preacher Socrates used to claim that he was guided by a *daimonion* or spirit, a sort of conscience or "still, small voice," that opposed any act which he was about to perform, if he ought not to perform it. Now the city of Boston has such a spirit or *daimonion*, and no matter what mayors and acting mayors may plan to do, if this spirit says "No, that course is illegal, or unconstitutional, or contrary to your charter," the city

officials bow before this decision, as the magistrates of Rome bowed before the veto of a tribune. This conscience of Boston went there from Wiscasset. His father and his two grandfathers were members of this society, and I know that we shall all listen with great pleasure to Mr. Babson.

*Mr. President, Friends and Members of the Wiscasset Fire Society:* As a man approaches the dividing line between middle life and old age there are many occasions when the emotions excited by a return to his childhood's home are sad rather than pleasant, for sometimes memories of the past come to him and he feels as the poet did when he said,

I had friends, I had companions

In the old days, in the pleasant days of  
childhood;

All, all are gone, all the old familiar faces.

Vainly I traverse the pleasant village streets,

Vainly I search my old haunts,

All, all are gone, all the old familiar faces.

But the present occasion excites no such feeling for I never was present before at a dinner of the Wiscasset Fire Society.

When I was a boy and saw the old fire buckets hung up in the hall of the house, and used occasionally from the bed to which I was sent to listen to the sounds of revelry and of song when my father entertained the Society, I thought the members of the Society a collection of heroes, of fire fighters, and of life savers. In my mind I had pictures of my father with a fire bucket in each hand and the old bed key in his mouth carrying his two hundred and thirty pounds up ladders and throwing water on to blazing flames, of the dignified Henry Ingalls first

carrying the occupant of the bed from out of the burning house and then with his bed key taking down the old bed and saving the bedstead and the furniture.

As I grew older all these ideas vanished and when as a youngster I became a part of Amazon Fire Engine Company No. 2, I looked upon the members of the Fire Society as frauds, the buckets and old paraphernalia as absolutely no good, and wondered why so useless a society remained to encumber the face of the earth. I had the same feelings towards the Fire Society that a member of the active militia of Massachusetts would have concerning the Ancient and Honorable Artillery.

Growing older still, I began to appreciate what it meant to perpetuate these ancient institutions, to realize the fact that they were links connecting us with the past and with our ancestors, means by which we could understand the lives of our ancestors, what they did, how they worked, how they took their pleasures. The Wiscasset Fire Society is the one existing institution which connects us directly with the people who in the early part of the nineteenth century made this place the busiest and the wealthiest village east of Portsmouth. There were business giants in those days, with the white oak of Woolwich and the pine of the Sheepscot and the Kennebec for export as their tool they wrought for the upbuilding of what must have been at the time in proportion to its numbers, the wealthiest settlement upon the shore of Maine.

Almost all the fine old houses which adorn the village were built from 1798

to 1808 and were for those days of large cost. In 1802 my grandfather McCrate bought the Silvester house, then new, for \$10,000, an immense sum for those days. Abiel Wood was said to have been worth before the embargo, \$500,000, and his fine three story mansion was one of the sights of this part of Maine.

Speaking of Abiel Wood reminds me of a bit of local rhyme which has come floating down the past one hundred years:

Here you see Wiscasset Point  
And here you see its harbor;  
There's the house of Major Wood,  
And here's his nigger barber.

When I was a boy, although the place had lost its relative importance, it still had considerable business life. Its shipyards were busy; its wharves still were resorted to by shipping; the streets were full of sea captains, active or retired, and its twenty-five or six hundred people, although some were poor, seemed to be contented, busy and fairly prosperous.

The town now shrunk as it is to some twelve hundred people, is more beautiful than ever; the trees are taller and more stately; the lawns and the houses are better kept; the old buildings have been swept away in the great fire, and though the place seems slumbering by the side of its beautiful harbor, yet it is lovely in its quiet, and its air of having been finished and completed years and years ago.

I am afraid that I have wearied you with these reminiscences, but if you have been bored it is the fault of the Chairman and not mine. When he called upon me at my office in Boston, invited me to be present and insisted that I should come, I told him that I

had no time to prepare a speech, but he said all he wanted was to have me present and have me say something. As to whether you enjoyed it or not seemed to be to him a matter of complete indifference. He seemingly had the same feeling about it that the Irish landlord had who lived in London and had been written to by his agent in Ireland concerning a demand of his tenants for a reduction of their rent. He sat down and wrote to his agent as follows:—"Your letter is received. Do not reduce the rents. I want the tenants distinctly to understand that their threats of assassinating you do not at all intimidate me." As long as his dinner was a success he didn't care how much his speakers bored the members of the Society.

In closing I want to thank you for the kind reception which you have given me and to say that although it has been many years since any kith or kin of mine have lived in the old town, I always return to it with pleasure, always enjoying meeting my old friends and hail with delight an occasion like the present which has brought so many of you together.

(Song:—"Hark, I Hear a Voice.")

*The Moderator.*

There is a story told, gentlemen, of two men, friends and schoolmates in their boyhood days, who had lost all trace of each other for years, until by chance they met at the same table at a restaurant in a crowded city. They talked over their school days; they inquired each about the life and fortune of the other; and at last one said to the other, "Are you a married man?" "Yes," was the reply, "I have been married for five years." "I congratulate you," said his friend, "and

of course your marriage is a happy one." "Oh, yes, it is a happy marriage, but I haven't spoken to my wife for three years." "What do you mean! You haven't spoken to your wife for three years! Have you been travelling abroad, or away from home on business?" "No, I haven't been away. I have eaten three meals at home every day." "Then how can your marriage be a happy one? Why haven't you spoken to your wife in all this time?" "Well, you see," timidly replied his friend, "I didn't like to interrupt her."

Now when we men wish to get an opportunity to have our say, to talk all we please, we come together on some such occasion as this, when the ladies are not allowed to be present. But we remember them in their isolation, and we drink a toast to their health. The Ladies! Mr. Grant will respond.

*Mr. Moderator and Gentlemen:* There is nothing else in the world of which I am so afraid as I am of women. Whether they are sitting or standing, talking or silent, I never know what they are going to do next, or what I ought to do now. From being the most bashful of all bashful boys, I have grown to be the most timid of all timid men. How I ever plucked up courage to ask a woman to marry me is a mystery. But they do say that the taste, or even the smell, of powder makes men brave, as in the well known case of the sailors on Nelson's flagship at the battle of the Nile. Prof. Scott, who knows all history, will tell us later about the Battle of the Nile.

It has been and is a great sorrow to me, and I am sure also to you all, that I was not able to bring Mr. Foote with me this time. He sends greetings

most sincere with hope definitely expressed of getting here sometime in August. When he comes we must make him sorry and glad. Mr. Foote, you will remember, is chairman of the committee on extension of the sphere of influence of the Fire Society. I do not undertake to report for him; nor would this be the proper time even if I were duly authorized, since I am talking about the Ladies; but I may say that he and I have smoked many cigars over the subject, and find it a very pleasant occupation. I regret that the particular plan that we had in view has not worked out just as we thought it might; but the general plan is bound to work and in due time, no need for haste. Why, I have been coming here for more than twenty years, and you have just got a town landing, for which I want to thank everybody—perhaps myself included; for I am a taxpayer here too; and sometimes I think the trick of pulling the leg of non-residents is not confined to the far West. Improvements come, slowly to be sure, but you are now in Wiscasset at a high point. The town clock is a gratifying addition to the place, upon that melodious bell ringing out through the stately elms the too swift hours as they fly. *Pereunt et imputantur*—they pass away and are charged against us. Truly time streaks faster on its way, than two forty racer. *Ubi sunt, O pocula*. Here they are—the cups! Let us drink to the town clock and its donor, and while so occupied let us give a (silent) three times three and a tiger for the spirit of progress and generosity wherever and however manifested. The only things lacking now, to make Wiscasset absolutely perfect and fire

proof, are water works, electricity, and boulevards! Perish the thought! Nute spring water still quenches the thirst (none better in the world); kerosene still gives a steady, white light for reading, and our friend John D. needs the money; and if the roads were any better we couldn't get about for the automobiles. As Mr. Foote so often reiterates, "Wiscasset, Maine is good enough for me!"

Not to be too modest tonight, I feel that I have put you all under great obligations, first, by taking away for a week from your midst Mr. F. W. Sewall, so that you might realize how lonesome you would be without him; and then by bringing him back to you in safety, in spite of the dangers to which he was constantly exposed from pretty waiter girls and radiant eyed fellow passengers and the Micmac Indians of Prince Edwards Island; and more than all from the dangers of the foggy, briny, stormy, seething ocean; dangers at one time so threatening that Mr. Sewall was tempted to throw up the sponge; but by the aid of some friendly sailors I was enabled to hold it and him down.

But I fear I am straying from my subject. When Mr. Scott asked me to speak to the Ladies, I was offended and told him that this is something that I never do without an introduction. When he explained that I need not fear the unwritten law, as he only wanted me to reply to the Ladies, I scented a conspiracy from afar; for there may be brave men—in fact there were brave men before Achilles, but who has replied successfully to the other gentle ones? See what a mess Sampson, Socrates, Henry VIII and Henry Ward Beecher made of it! to say nothing of

Dr. Dowie, Stanford White, and Ruyon of New York. Mr. Scott says it is a cream toast; I say it will be a dry response.

Having been brought up with well reverberating Congregational bells in the steeples, and with bewitching Congregational belles in the pews, I had an idea that there were no other bells of any kind really worth listening to or looking at, but since I have heard the Methodist bell telling off the hours so sweetly, and by chance have recently attended a Methodist church and have seen the occupants of the pews, I beg to acknowledge how bigoted and narrow I was—and publicly to express a desire to hear and see bells and belles of all the other denominations. I want to say to Mr. Hodge and the rest of you young fellows at the head table something not generally understood—that is, that the older we grow the more we love harmony, grace, tone and sweetness; but harmony, sweetness, tone, grace, thy name is woman! so the older we grow (and the older they grow) the more divine the ladies seem to us.

But speaking of bells and belles, I notice some points of similarity. The materials of which they are composed are in each case sought from afar. The oftner we ring them the sweeter the sounds that we get from them. The smaller ones are more for ornament, the larger ones for utility and sometimes it is *vice versa*. You can never tell whether the metal (mettle) is true until they have been wrung; and the hight of the pitch is inversely as the square of the diameter. Of which kind did Poe write when he sang of the music of the Bells? Even some that have been cracked, like the Lib-

erty bell and the Great Tom, and poor Carlotta and Carrie Nation are revered for what they have done or been.

Men are the hunters; women are the game.

We hunt them for the smoothness of their skins; they love us for it.

There is no rose that's half so dear to them,

As he who thinks or says or does the thing

They do not dare to do or say or think.

Naturalists, from Roosevelt to Long, alike tell us that the wild animals of the chase suffer exquisite pleasure in being pursued, and that this pleasure rises almost to delirium if perchance they escape to a place of safety; with women it is different. The pleasure of being pursued is indeed exquisite to them, and to the pursuer too; but *not* to be caught is maddening, and the delirium of joy comes, after a long chase, not from escape, but from feeling the hand of the captor upon them, and being retained in his strong arms. I venture to propose the joy and peace of all our dear friends of the opposite element, and will ask the choir to lead us in the song arranged for them by the Messrs. Sewall.

(Song: "Bingo.")

They are not here tonight because it is their privilege, not to extinguish, but to kindle: fires of wood in the cookstove on frosty mornings, fires of ambition in our minds, and the fires of love in our hearts. Though I noticed nothing inharmonious at that remarkable joint meeting of the Female Benevolent Society and the Fire Society held at Miss Sawyer's last year.

At anyrate, we miss and honor them in our thoughts and our words tonight, whether as grandmothers we soften

their declining years, or as mothers we give them the fullest measure of our filial affection, or as daughters or sisters we keep watch and ward for them, or as other men's daughters or sisters we extend to them our respectful and affectionate consideration, or as wives they become endowed with all our worldly goods, bone of our bone flesh of our flesh, inspiring us to greater things, stimulating us when we are lazy, praising us when we don't deserve it, suffering in silence their own woes, relieving us of more than half of the burdens of ours, our constant first thoughts, we honor and miss them here tonight.

I wonder if we, as men, are doing all in our power to bring the new, grand women into line with the greatest possibilities for advancement. We admire the painted and feathered savage with such manifest approval, that simplicity and sincerity get frequent setbacks—and back seats. I would plead for a saner ambition on our part for our women; if we had it they would respond like the angels of light that they are.

They live for us and we live for them. They have microscopic eyes for small and near things and telescopic eyes for large and distant things; and whatever they see they want: we have strong hands, broad backs, and swift feet; and we will get it for them. But away with the vulgarity of deceit, illusions and disillusion! Hail simplicity, sincerity and truth!

If there is any woman anywhere tonight who, after years of married life, does not seem to her husband just as handsome, bright, witty and attractive *as she is willing to be*, then that

husband is a brute and only fit to be yoked with unbelievers; if there is any man anywhere tonight, who, after years of married life, does not seem, to his wife, just as brave, heroic, wise and strong *as he is willing to be*, may the Lord have mercy upon him! Come soon the glad day when there shall be no more divorces, no more domestic infelicities, when all men and all women shall be *willing to the uttermost*.

O woman in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please!  
But seen too oft, familiar with thy face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

The company then sang: "Goodnight Ladies".

*The Moderator.*

Mr. Sewall now has an opportunity to defend himself, before this court of impartial, discreet, and sober men, from the charge of high crimes and misdemeanors for which he stands impeached.

An interesting and appropriate response was made by Mr. Sewall.

(Song:—"My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean.")

*The Moderator.*

I heard a story not long since, which, like many other stories, illustrates the slowness with which some Englishmen appreciate our idea of humour. The Englishman in question was travelling in this country, and was talking to an American friend about our jokes "Why," said he, "don't you know, your jokes don't seem funny at all to us. Many of them are so awfully ghastly, don't you know. Why, a speaker at one of our dinners told about a poor fellow who sat down on a circular saw, and he said that they

buried him in the same coffin. Now I don't see anything funny about that. It's a ghastly joke. And then there's that saying you have, 'Where am I at?' Why, we don't see the point to that, don't you know. We would never say that. An Englishman would say, 'Where is my 'at.' "

When I left Wiscasset last fall, one of our most highly esteemed members was scurrying around the country, trying to capture the farmer vote. I do not believe that he knew just then where he was at; but when the vote was counted, he found out where he was at; he was elected to the Legislature, and I remember reading in the ECHO that he helped to enliven the closing hours of the legislative session. I hope that he will help enliven our proceedings here. Gentlemen, Representative Tucker.

Mr. Tucker thereupon related some of his recent legislative experiences.

*The Moderator.*

We are honored to-night by the presence of a gentleman, a native of this place, who left the town in early boyhood many years ago. But year after year now he returns to Wiscasset, and his interest in the town and in this Society never flags. We are glad to have the opportunity of hearing from Mr. Hedge.

Mr. Hedge's response was brief but very interesting.

*The Moderator.*

Last year at this time we had as our guest a gentleman who was making a brief stay in our town. He seems to have liked the place, for in October he came back and took a wife from Wiscasset. We are glad that he has come back to remain for several weeks

this summer. We hope that he and his wife will come here every summer. I think that you will enjoy this opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Dr. Chase.

Appropriate response by Dr. Chase.

*The Moderator.*

There is one member present to-night who, I believe, has not been present at a meeting for three years. He was Moderator three years ago at the meeting held in the house where he was born and where his father and grandfather had lived. Now that he is with us after an absence of so long a time, we cannot let him escape without hearing from him. We will listen to Mr. Smith.

The remarks by Mr. Smith were much enjoyed.

(Song: "There's Music in the Air.")

*The Moderator.*

There is something more that is good in store for us. Our motto to-night is, "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough.' " We have with us a gentleman, a native of Wiscasset, whose boyhood was spent here and whom we all know well. The only thing we have against him is that he comes so seldom to Wiscasset, and that he seems now to regard Wiscasset merely as a suburb of Augusta. Gentlemen, Mr. Hobson.

Mr. Hobson's remarks in substance were as follows:—

*Mr. Moderator:*—The many remarkable fish stories that I have heard this evening remind me of a story of an old darkey down in Alabama, who went fishing and fell asleep. A big fish came along, grabbed the bait, and almost pulled the angler into the creek. Sam awoke with a jump, and

exclaimed, "Fo' de lan's sake! Is dis niggah a fishin? or is dis fish a nigger-in?" Night before last I spent with friends at the Isle of Springs, in a cottage on the shore of the Sheepscot. My thoughts most of the time were wandering up the river to my old home. Through the courtesy of kind thoughtfulness of our host. I have come down here especially to attend these festivities. Mr. Patterson's most interesting paper of the cruise of the whaleship "Wiscasset" has brought to my mind a member of the crew of that vessel, an acquaintance of my boyhood, an eccentric individual whom many of you may doubtless remember, Issacher Hunnaford. It is said that the only remark that he made from the time the ship left till she came back, was when he landed at the wharf on his return, when he quietly said, "Well, we're here." I might take this remark as my text,—We're here; and I'm glad we're here. Glad I'm here; glad to look into the faces of and join hands again with old friends. It is true as our host has said, that the past two or three years I have passed my summers in a suburb of Wiscasset; that I have not come here as often as I could wish, or as often as I should have come were that suburb of Wiscasset a little differently situated. But I am glad to come. No matter where I go; no place seems just the same as this. Though my work calls me elsewhere at present, yet I indulge in the dream of coming back here some day and making this my home. It has been a great pleasure to be with you to-night, and I wish to thank you for making me feel so welcome.

*The Moderator.*

Two or three of our number have Captain prefixed to their names, but their is one skilful navigator who does not wear that title. Let us hear from the skipper of the "Shandygaff", Mr. Lennox.

Happily responded to by Mr. Lennox.

*The Moderator.*

Gentlemen, I have my eye on a member of this society who dares to spend his summers on the banks of the Sheepscot, and yet pitches his tent outside the legal bounds of Wiscasset, his native town. Under the shadow of the battlements of the Old Fort on Davis Island he communes with Plato and Euclid and Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley.

"Far off the noises of the world retreat,

The loud vociferations of the street

Become an indistinguishable roar."

He now has an opportunity, in the presence of this honorable assembly, to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of voluntarily taking up his residence on the wrong bank of the river. What say you, Mr. Henderson, are you guilty or not guilty?

*Mr. Moderator, Gentlemen of the Fire Society:*

I admit the impeachment, but I deny the implied accusation of lack of love for our native town. In fact my choice of location affords me an opportunity of gratifying my constant desire to look upon the scenes of my childhood, the streets where I played as a boy, the hills down which I coasted, and the trees I climbed,—and all of this in a way that you, gentlemen of the village, seldom have. Every morning, as the seven o'clock bell

rings forth from the old steeple, I go down to my float, and before taking my morning plunge, I look across the bay to the most beautiful scene on the Maine coast: the village nestling on the side of the hills that stand behind it, the houses gleaming white among the trees, the smoke curling up above the tree tops, and the morning sunshine bathing the whole scene with summer glory. That's a sight that few of you see, particularly at that time of day.

The picture of the old ship Wiscasset that Mr. Patterson kindly distributed this evening is similar to that I saw recently in the columns of a Sunday paper, only that one bore a legend to the effect that Andrew Carnegie came to America in it. Mr. Patterson's statement that the ship was lost in 1800 dissipated the newspaper story as effectually as Mr. Carnegie's stock reply dashed Wiscasset's hopes, when he was asked to do something for the town for which the ship that brought him over was named. You remember that he was approached by a gentleman of this place, and that his reply was to the effect that he would be very glad to denote some thousands of dollars for a library, in case that the town would raise an equal amount—an impossible task. This example of the great giver's customary condition recalls the dream of the Pittsburg man, who dreamed that he was sauntering down the streets of the New Jerusalem, when he came to Saint Peter's place of business. Ahead of him was a short, thick set, gray-bearded man, whom he recognized as his famous fellow townsman. "See here, Saint Peter," he was exclaiming, "Where's my halo? This thing you've given me

isn't complete. At the best, it's only a crescent." "Oh! that's all right, Mr. Carnegie, you know you must furnish the other half yourself."

It is not to the great philanthropists that we must look for aid in improving the town we love. That task rests upon the men who are now within its borders. It is for her sake that we revere the memories of the men who were our predecessors in this society. There is no danger in recurring constantly to the past at our meetings, as some have feared. Men and communities are judged by what they have achieved, not by what they are doing or what they promise. These men *did* something: they lived the lives of good citizens, loyal to town, to state, and to Nation. When those old members of our society saw their shipping rotting at the wharves before their eyes, they petitioned Congress for relief from the embargo that was ruining them; but in their personal distress they did not forget their duties as citizens and concluded their memorial by a sublime expression of determination to abide at whatever cost, by the decision of those elected to rule the nation.

There are two grand motives in the lives of all, duty and pleasure. It is our duty, as members of this honorable organization, founded by such noble men, to follow the examples they set us so long ago, and be good citizens, whether we live in Wiscasset or elsewhere. It is our pleasure to enjoy a rich store of memories of our own early days, spent amid scenes and surroundings that made those days the happiest, then in enjoyment and now in retrospect, that any boys ever enjoyed. And so, gentlemen, as an

inspiration to duty and a source of pleasure that no successes of more recent years have been able to rival, we have the founders of this society and the town we love.

*The Moderator.*

I am going to tell a story on the medical profession, and then apply it to one who is not a doctor. There is an old saying, you remember, to the effect that the doctors have the advantage of the rest of us, because they bury their failures, while ours remain to stare us in the face. It must have been with this thought in mind that the wife of a physician, when he came home one evening after a weary all day's tramp through the forest with his gun over his shoulder, asked, "Well, did you kill anything?" "No," he replied, "not a thing." "Humph," said the wife, "you might have had better luck if you had stayed at home and attended to business."

Now we are all very sorry that our friend Mr. Charles Sewall thought it best, a few years ago, to go off to Eastport, and Lubec, and other distant regions in the state. Unlike the physician in the story, he is accomplishing something wherever he goes. We are glad to hear that he is nearer Wiscasset than he was a year or two ago. May he be successful wherever he resides, and come back often to the town and to the society to which he has proved his devotion and his loyalty. I present Mr. Sewall.

The remarks by Mr. Charles S. Sewall contained much of interest to the Society and were favorably received by the members, who thereupon adopted a resolution under which a committee was appointed to enter upon a work of interest to them.

*The Moderator.*

This closes the list of extemporaneous speeches. I had intended to give to those gentlemen who have carefully prepared speeches ready a chance to deliver them; but, as the hour is late, they may have leave to print them.

“Auld Lang Syne” was then sung and the meeting was dissolved.









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